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NOTICES OF NEW WORKS.

Night and Morning. By the Author of "Rienzi," "Eugene Aram," &c. &c. 3 vols.

The characteristic of this work is power—power in a vast variety of its modifications. Judging from our own experience, it will be read with very tumultuous feelings, and in a whirl of passions, or, at least, in the reflections of them, little less exciting than what we may suppose actuated the imaginary personages of this romantic drama. We call them imaginary personages, but hardly correctly. They will outlive, in the memory, thousands of the common-place people who push us forwards and backwards, to the right and left, in the common-place jostle of every-day life. Long after we have forgotten the man who overreached us in a bargain, or the acquaintance who cheated us at whist, the characters of "Night and Morning" will exist distinctly in our minds, and depart from us only with the power of thinking. The plot of the piece is natural, and fruitful in incidents and touching scenes. The large Beaufort property is in the hands of a bachelor uncle, shrewd and eccentric—and bestowing upon his lineal posterity so much philanthropy, that he can spare none for the rest of the world. His two nephews, physical and moral contrasts to each other, are expectants of this property. The elder, a manly and sporting Englishman; the younger, a man of the world, and scarcely rich enough to support his gentility—altogether too poor for his ambition. The elder marries, clandestinely, from a boarding-school, a shopkeeper's daughter, of the age of sixteen. Knowing his uncle's antipathy to a plebeian marriage, the wife passes for his mistress till the uncle dies: he then prepares to avow the old mar-

riage, and to repeat the ceremony. The avowal is not believed by the brother, and, before he has time to be married anew, he breaks his neck in attempting to leap a five-barred gate, which we suppose is the natural end of all sporting people. The surviving brother turns out the lady and her two sons, and pronounces that no will can be found. From thence commence the terrible scenes of passion, of suffering, of heroism, and of despair. The opposition of interests and the contrasts of character now give full play to Sir Edward's inexhaustible genius. The following is a description of the two sons who are thus, for a time, beggared and bastardized by an accident.

"There was a strong contrast in the two children. The elder, who was about fifteen, seemed older than he was, not only from his height, but from the darkness of his complexion, and a certain proud, nay imperious, expression upon features that, without having the soft and fluent graces of childhood, were yet regular and striking. His dark green shooting-dress, with the belt and pouch, the cap with its gold tassel set upon his luxuriant curls, which had the purple gloss of the raven's plume, blended perhaps something prematurely manly in his own tastes, with the love of the fantastic and the picturesque which bespeaks the presiding genius of the proud mother. The younger son had scarcely told his ninth year; and the soft auburn ringlets, descending half-way down the shoulders; the rich and delicate bloom that exhibits at once the hardy health and the gentle fostering; the large, deep, blue eyes; the flexile and almost effeminate contour of the harmonious features; altogether made such an ideal of childlike beauty as Lawrence had loved to paint, or Chantrey model.

"And the daintiest cares of a mother, who as yet has her darling all to herself—her toy, her plaything—were visible in the large falling collar of finest cambric, and the blue velvet dress with its filigree buttons and embroidered sash. Both the boys had about them the air of those whom Fate ushers blandly into life—the air of wealth, and birth, and luxury, spoiled and pampered as if earth had no thorn for their feet, and Heaven not a wind to visit their young cheeks too roughly. The mother had been extremely handsome, and though the first bloom of youth was now gone, she had still the beauty that might captivate new love—an easier task than to retain the old. Both her sons, though differing from each other, resembled her: she had the *features* of the younger, and probably any one who had seen her in her own earlier youth would have recognised in that child's gay, yet gentle countenance, the mirror of the mother when a girl. Now, however, especially when silent or thoughtful, the *expression* of her face was rather that of the elder boy;—the cheek, once so rosy, was now pale, though clear, with something which time had given, of pride and thought, in the curved lip and the high forehead. They who could have looked on her in her more lonely hours, might have seen that the pride had known shame, and the thought was the shadow of the passions of fear and sorrow."

Philip is the hero. From this description the characters of the two sons may be surmised. The mother and the two children struggle through miseries that melt the heart to read. She tries law—she is forced to part with her idolized children—the youngest being to her more than her soul. Thus she dies. Arthur is the eldest son of the man who has ruined her family, and is led to the bedside by a series of accidents.

"'Do you not remember me?' said he, in a voice struggling with tears: 'I am Arthur—Arthur Beaufort.'

"Catherine made no answer.

"'Good God! Why do I see you here? I believed you with your friends, your children; provided for—as became my father to do. He assured me that you were so.'

"Still no answer.

"And then the young man, overpowered with the feelings of a sympathising and generous nature, forgetting for awhile Catherine's weakness, poured forth a torrent of inquiries, regrets, and self-upbraidings, which Catherine at first little heeded. But the name of her children, repeated again and again, struck upon that chord which, in a woman's heart, is the last to break; and she raised herself in her bed, and looked at her visitor wistfully.

"'Your father,' she said, then—'your father was unlike my Philip: but I see things differently now. For me, all bounty is too late; but my children—to-morrow they may have no mother. The law is with you, but not justice! You will be rich and powerful;—will you befriend my children?'

"'Through life, so help me Heaven!' exclaimed Arthur, falling on his knees beside the bed.

"What then passed between them it is needless to detail; for it was little, save broken repetitions of the same prayer and the same response. But there was so much truth and earnestness in Arthur's voice and countenance, that Catherine felt as if an angel had come there to administer comfort. And when late in the day the physician entered, he found his patient leaning on the breast of her young visitor, and looking on his face with a happy smile."

When the mother is dead, Philip, surmounting extraordinary difficulties, arrives after Arthur's departure, and finds his uncle, who had come in search of his son, near the bed of death. Thus our hero denounces him:—

"He rose suddenly, folded his arms, and, facing Beaufort, with a fierce, determined brow, said,—

"'Mark me, you hold the wealth that I was trained from my cradle to consider my heritage. I have worked with these hands for bread, and never complained, except to my own heart and soul. I never hated, and never cursed you—robber as you were—yes, robber! For, even were there no marriage save in the sight of God, neither my father, nor Nature, nor Heaven, meant that you should seize all, and that there should be nothing due to the claims of affection and blood. He was not the less my father, even if the church spoke not on my side. Despoiler of the orphan, and derider of human love, you are not the less a robber, though the law fences you round, and men call you honest! But I did not hate you for this. Now, in the presence of my dead mother—dead far from both her sons—now I abhor and curse you. You may think yourself safe when you quit this room—safe, and from my hatred; you may be so: but do not deceive yourself, the curse of the widow and the orphan shall pursue—it shall cling to you and yours—it shall gnaw your heart in the midst of splendour—it shall cleave to the heritage of your son! There shall be a deathbed yet, beside which you shall see the spectre of her, now so calm, rising for retribution from the grave! These words—no, you never shall forget them—years hence they shall ring in your ears, and freeze the marrow of your bones! And now begone, my father's brother—begone from my mother's corpse to your luxurious home!'

"He opened the door, and pointed to the stairs. Beaufort, without a

word, turned from the room, and departed. He heard the door closed and locked as he descended the stairs; but he did not hear the deep groans and vehement sobs in which the desolate orphan gave vent to the anguish which succeeded to the less sacred paroxysm of revenge and wrath."

Then commence the wanderings of Philip—his rescuing his sweet brother from the thraldom of his coarse tradesman uncle, to whom he was sent, and then losing him again for many years. Despised, and flying from the officers of justice, he falls in with and becomes associated with low and criminal persons, and leads a life of the most exciting adventure. He then domesticates with characters original in themselves, and very finely drawn; preserving, through the blandishments of temptation, and the goads of poverty, his heroic self-respect, the which he mainly attributes to the impressive deathbed scene of his mother. At this part of the story we are introduced to a new impersonation, that is to say, something as new as the impossibility of anything under the sun being novel will admit of. Let fancy do her utmost; let her even rush into the absurd, she will only be able to make new combinations of the old materials; she can create no new ones. In this respect, nature is everlasting and always the same. It is in the nicety of this combination that the master hand of genius is discovered. We trace it distinctly in the description of the heroine, Fanny. Her mind is too much clouded with the mists of extraordinary talent, like the fogs which are the precursors of the brightest summer-day; thus she appears an idiot to all others, and is to herself as one lost, yet happy, and who waits in awe for the dispelling of the clouds that envelope her mind, through which, at times, all the radiance of heavenly light gloriously breaks. It is not our intention to follow the plot throughout, it would occupy too much space, and our manner of relating must appear tame in contrast to the animated diction and the stirring events with which it is so beautifully developed by the author. The lost evidence of the marriage is recovered, the wicked and the worldly-minded are abashed and confounded; the son of the usurper is on a dying bed: he at least is just, and he thus writes to Philip:—

"'I write to you without fear of misconstruction; for I write to you unknown to all my family, and I am the only one who can have no interest in the struggle about to take place between my father and yourself. Before the law can decide between you I shall be in my grave. I write this from the Bed of Death. Philip, I write this—*I*, who stood beside a deathbed more sacred to you than mine—I, who received your mother's last sigh. And with that sigh there was a smile that lasted when the sigh was gone: For I promised to befriend her children. Heaven knows how anxiously I sought to fulfil that solemn vow! Feeble and sick myself, I followed you and your brother with no aim, no prayer, but this,—to embrace you and say, 'Accept a new brother in me.' I spare you the humiliation, for it is yours not mine, of recalling what passed between us when at last we met. Yet, I still sought to save, at least, Sidney,—more especially confided to my care by his dying mother. He mysteriously eluded our search; but we had reason, by a letter received from some unknown hand, to believe him saved and provided for. Again I met you at Paris. I saw you were poor. Judging from your associate, I might with justice think you depraved. Mindful of your decla-

ration never to accept bounty from a Beaufort, and remembering with natural resentment the outrage I had before received from you, I judged it vain to seek and remonstrate with you; but I did not judge it vain to aid. I sent you, anonymously, what, at least, would suffice, if absolute poverty had subjected you to evil courses, to rescue you from them if your heart were so disposed. Perhaps that sum, trifling as it was, may have smoothed your path and assisted your career. And why tell you all this now? To dissuade you from asserting rights you conceive to be just?—Heaven forbid! If justice is with you, so also is the duty due to your mother's name. But simply for this. That in asserting such rights, you content yourself with justice, not revenge—that in righting yourself, you do not wrong others. If the law should decide for you, the arrears you could demand would leave my parents and my sister beggars. This may be law—it would not be justice; for my father solemnly believed himself, and had every apparent probability in his favour, the true heir of the wealth that devolved upon him. This is not all. There may be circumstances connected with the discovery of a certain document that, if authentic, and I do not presume to question it, may decide the contest so far as it rests on truth;—circumstances which might seem to bear hard upon my father's good name and faith. I do not know sufficiently of law to say how far these could be publicly urged, or if urged, exaggerated and tortured by an advocate's calumnious ingenuity. But again I say, justice, and not revenge! And with this I conclude, enclosing to you these lines, written in your own hand, and leaving you the arbiter of their value.

"'ARTHUR BEAUFORT.'"

"The lines enclosed were these, a second time placed before the reader:—

"'I cannot guess who you are. They say that you call yourself a relation; that must be some mistake. I knew not that my poor mother had relations so kind. But, whoever you be, you soothed her last hours—she died in your arms; and if ever—years, long years, hence—we should chance to meet, and I can do anything to aid another, my blood, and my life, and my heart, and my soul, all are slaves to your will! If you be really of her kindred, I commend to you my brother; he is at N—— with Mr. Morton. If you can save him, my mother's soul will watch over you as a guardian angel. As for me, I ask no help from any one: I go into the world, and will carve out my own way. So much do I shrink from the thought of charity from others, that I do not believe I could bless you as I do now, if your kindness to me did not close with the stone upon my mother's grave.

"'PHILIP.'"

This is very beautiful, and overcomes, in a moment, the hero's resentment, and dissolves years of exasperation. From this point the reader is hurried on to the end, in a perfect storm of excitement. If there be a fault, it is, that the demand is too great upon his emotions. We give no insight to the catastrophe. To conclude, we pronounce this romance, or rather romantic novel, to be a production of great power, perhaps the most powerfully written of all the baronet's works. In order that our notice may be deemed something better than mere adulation—a suspicion, by-the-bye, that will vanish immediately upon the perusal of this extraordinary work—we must say, that we conceive that "Night and Morning" has been rapidly, very rapidly written. Twice has Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer (when we reprehend, we like to give the name at length) made use of the same

illustration, that of the poet who was so thin, light, and cavernous, as to be obliged, in gusty weather, to fill his pockets with stones and lead, in order to avoid being blown away; this is a good thing, once, in three volumes. It must have been haste, only, that occasioned its repetition.

The title of "Night and Morning" contains the pith of the moral of this splendid fiction. Who that lives has not had his Night and Morning? When despondency creeps over the heart, and virtue trembles, then man's Night grows dark—his reviving energies give indication of the coming of a fresh dawn, and Morning is breaking. This is every man's microcosm. The best of us have shades come over us that approach to the nocturnal; but the Morning of him is the brightest and longest who keeps the sun of his conscience clear—he alone can know no Night, at least for himself—for others? if ever we may despond, without cowardice, it is when we are involved in the Night of those we love—but still, at the worst, there are other suns in other worlds. It is to this sublime moral that the work which we are noticing leads us. We predict that "Night and Morning" will become the most popular of all Sir Edward's productions. Heartily do we wish that the viper writers of the rabid Tories will break their teeth against it. We are rather of a conservative taint ourselves, but we blush for the malignant scribblers, whom we disdain to call brothers, who make a point of abusing everything produced by our author's eloquent pen. They cannot understand that the literature addressed to the heart and to the imagination is the property of humanity, and has nothing to do with party. We conclude by stating that this work will be found to be a great treat for readers of all classes, and that even the gravest amongst us will find much wisdom to be derived from this brilliant exposition of the matured mind of Sir Edward Bulwer.

Selections from Robert Hall, A. M., with Preface, Memoir, &c.; together with Notes and Illustrations. By CHARLES BADHAM, B.A.

We have great pleasure in noticing this beautiful volume. With the exception of the Selections from Bishop Taylor, South, Bacon, &c., by Mr. Basil Montague, we do not know of any similar work which can for a moment be brought into competition with it. Any person who is acquainted with Hall's writings, that "well of English undefiled," may form some notion of what sort of a volume that must be, which contains the choicest and noblest specimens of his powers. The value of them, in the present instance, is incalculably increased by the beautiful passages (we should think nearly two hundred in number) which Mr. Badham has very happily introduced, *in the way of illustration*, from such writers as Bacon, Atterbury, Taylor, Brook (Lord), Clarendon, Donne, South, Hooker, Leighton, Milton, Irving, Doddridge, Watts, Johnson, Coleridge, Southey, Brougham, Wiseman, Hallam, Macauley, Moultrie, Hare, Melvill, Rose, &c. &c. We can only add, that if it meet with the extensive sale which it deserves, it cannot fail in contributing much to the edification of a large class of English readers, and to the wider cultivation of chaste and elegant composition.

Imagination; a Poem in Two Parts. With other Poems. By Louisa Frances Poulter.

Nature alone may be capable of making the poet, but it is circumstance, and its relative, accident, which give the stamp of reputation to the poetry. The reader must always lend half the fire and nearly all the value to the verse; to do this he must be prepared by circumstances, and when thus prepared, no numbers halt, and no stanza is ineffective. The most potent of all circumstances, to the success of any one production, is a previous reputation, and then again must reputation be acquired by circumstances; thus, we do not argue in a circle, for there is a beginning. For such a beginning, and a very glorious one too, this poem is a beautiful material—it may, or it may not succeed—all we can say is, that it ought, and very triumphantly. The unappreciated good is much better, and much more considerable, than the appreciated and the applauded; and this reflection of itself should soothe the feelings of talented though too little successful authors. We trust that Miss Poulter will have no need of such a palliative. Imagination is a poem after the construction of the purer models, ethical and chaste. There is nothing of the wild-fire of the intensity-school about it. Though poetical, it is calm, and though very imaginative, its general tone is dignified and subdued. The author evidently possesses much greater treasures than she displays, and seems more anxious to show that she knows how to use, nobly and modestly, a portion of her mental riches, than to exhibit the extent of them. Every line of this production is carefully polished, and whilst the judgment is uniformly satisfied, the taste even of the most fastidious is never shocked. We know well that so much purity and such an elaboration of elegance are not calculated to catch "the most sweet voices" of the present day. We are sorry for this, but our sorrow is not for the poet, but for the vitiated literary appetite of the times. A few more works of this description would go far to correct the craving for the monstrous and the ultra-exciting. The poem opens with a description of a sunset after a storm, which will much remind the reader of some of the exquisite passages in Campbell's glorious poem, "The Pleasures of Hope." It then proceeds to discuss those subjects most appertaining to the imagination, in a very masterly style, and in a truly poetic vein. We think that the reader will pronounce the following extract agreeable, polished, and well sustained.

"O God! thy power hath shed the glorious light,
Thy seal is set upon the brow of Night;
The storm is in thy hand, the fire is thine,
That mocks at strength, and scathes the mountain-pine,
Which stood long years in towering stature proud,
Companion of the vulture and the cloud;
Thine arm hath rent the rock, and from its side
Bursts the wild torrent, with impetuous stride,
Seeking th' abyss, whose depth no art shall sound,
Where its dark waves from age to age rebound;
Cliffs upon cliffs in snow-crowned grandeur stand,
Bearing stern records graven by thy hand;

Their secret path no mortal sight hath viewed,
No foot hath trod their frowning altitude;
Save that proud bird's, who, when his flight is done,
Rests on the rocky ledge, and eyes the sun;
Who holds his course amidst unchanging things,
And, if to Earth he e'er did stoop his wings,
Swept o'er the haunts of men his rapid way,
Nor tracked the path from glory to decay.
These are the monuments thy might hath hurled,
Stamping such fairness o'er thy pendent world,
That ere thy characters can be effaced,
Thy printed power on Earth no more be traced,
A touch almighty must unnerve the springs
Which bind the soul of Man to outward things;
Must quench the light Imagination throws
O'er all the loveliness thy hand bestows;
More pure, more bright, than mid-day suns can pour
In tropic rays on Zaara's trackless shore;
Then shall he crawl his reptile life on Earth,
Nor feel within one sign of heavenly birth;
A few dark years his joyless desert tread—
Then crowd the mansions of the loathsome dead."

From this the author's manner, though not her might, may be estimated. It much resembles the diction of Pope, although it does not possess his epigrammatical antithesis. The following lines or oblation to the character of Sir Samuel Romilly ought to be read with every party feeling hushed, and with the reverence due to exalted virtue.

"Phantom, from Earth slow-rising! who art *Thou?*
The sadness charactered upon thy brow,
Thy halo's ray insufferably bright,
Breaking the depth opaque of struggling Night,
The sanguine shroud—alas! can words reply
With force of this heart-rending oratory?
'Tis He,* who, standing on the height of Life,
A bulwark fixed 'gainst Tyrrany and Strife,
Shuddered to live, while crowds his worth proclaim,
In cold renown, in solitary fame;
One instant sunk beneath Grief's iron hand,
And left a chasm yawning in the Land.
Oh! that a warning voice had bade thee cling
Less fondly to a perishable thing,
Which even then was passing; o'er whose brow
Beauty had shed its saddest farewell glow;
To her, alas! who one day would depart,
Spite of thine agony, and break thy heart.
Fate weaves thine hour of Wreck—the shooting pang
Fixes within thy breast its adder-fang;
It drinks thy blood—it clasps each burning vein—
Oh! tear it out, and be thyself again!
Vain hope!—If one relenting tear-drop start,
Back it recoils, and cankers on thy heart
That dry, hard anguish, every outlet fills,
Which gnaws in silence, and in silence kills;
'Tis inward conflict all—no loud despair—
Naught but the quivering lip, the hopeless stare;

* "Sir Samuel Romilly."

While ever in thy brain convulsed is heard
A muttering Friend's low, lacerating word:
'Think of that day, when, bright in charms and youth,
To thee she plighted constant love and truth—
Think of the tenderness of after-years—
And see what aspect now the future wears.
And other beauteous things, in vernal hour,
The Sun as fair to Earth may yet restore;
But what sweet, radiant light, shall ever chase
The darkness settled on that lovely face?
The freshness of the breeze, the morning-glow,
Can never wander where her head lies low;
Nor look, nor cherished accent, pierce the gloom,
Th' oppressive dimness of the sacred tomb:
Cold in its dwelling now must fade that form,
By thee abandoned to the grasping worm,
To brave the horror, the chill damp, alone'—
The storm hath o'er thee burst—and thou art gone!

There was a dreadful cry—'tis stifled now;
There have been tears—tears too have ceased to flow;
Life's business must me done; and, fall who may,
'Tis but the loud lamenting of a day.
But not the sigh, the fast-descending tear,
Shall to thy ashes meetest offering bear;
No—from the silent grave thou yet shalt claim
A prouder homage e'en than well-earned fame;
Still act a monitor's persuasive part,
The mind enlighten, and amend the heart.
Oh! if 'mid those who journeyed by thy side,
To thee, in thought, in friendship, then allied;
If One forgetful of the narrow bound
'Twixt honest zeal and factious rage, be found;
Who mixes with some virtue, more alloy;
Who feels Distinction too ecstatic joy;
Of Freedom raving, burns alone for Strife,
And naught so execrates as peaceful life,
Breathe in his soul the Patriot's sacred flame,
Teach him what Man from Man hath right to claim,
Tell him, when echoed loud from throng to throng,
*Thy name with liberty's was borne along.
Sated with honours, with applause opprest,
The sweetest tribute rose from thine own breast;
A 'still small voice,' amid that clamorous din,
Whispered how pure, how great, was all within!"

We must not forget that we have other works to notice, however pleasant it may be to linger over this. The author must therefore excuse us, if we do not call particular attention to her Minor Poems, much as they deserve it. We have a proud deference for the aristocracy, when that aristocracy is adorned by talent, taste, and good feeling, thus making the accidental the fitting and the graceful. It appears that the Marquis of Lansdowne had placed the fiat of his approbation upon this poem before it was published, and was, indeed, the cause of its publication. We entirely agree with the noble critic in his estimate of its merits, and whether the work suc-

* "An allusion to Sir Samuel Romilly's election for Westminster."

ceed with the public or not, the author will be in the right to have appealed to it. If we appear to speak doubtingly of its immediate success, (that it will ultimately be valued, we feel assured,) it is from no misgivings of the poet's powers, but we fear the temper of the times, just now so selfish, so practical, and in all things so anti-poetical. Political economy, bringing in its train all manner of harsh, dry, and mechanical studies, seems now to be the passion, and people seek relief, not in the beautiful abstractions of poetry, that require a great tension of mind, but in the exciting and more palpable creations of literature—the startling novel, the broad farce, the lying biography, and the no less often lying volume of travels—that is, if recreation is sought for in reading at all. We expect soon that there will be a national reform in the public taste, and then again the elegant will be felt and sought for, and poetry again flourish. The notes at the end of this poem are very apposite, and show much research and very extensive reading. The volume is a very presentable book; neatly got up, and very beautifully printed.

Elmaphil; a Fragment of the Last Antediluvian Days. By the Author of "A Fantastical Flight into the Planets."

This is a startling production; one which an ambitious mind only could have conceived, a vigorous one perfected. It has extreme boldness of idea, and much of the sublimity of the epic in its construction. We implore the reader not to be too much startled by the inversion of the language, an inversion used with as much license as that usually granted to blank verse, but to proceed until his ear be accustomed to its cadences, and we think he will like its sustained dignity, so suitable to the subject. This is a work that cannot fail to produce the most holy ruminations, and, being written in a spirit of the profoundest piety, must have an effect on the mind at once beneficial and exalting. The author, from the scarce yet precious records that have been spared to us, has imagined the domestic life of an antediluvian family of high rank—a family accessible to the visits of angels, and often in contact with those fallen spirits who impiously wedded with the daughters of mere mortals. He has been careful in preserving all the likelihoods of a race in such a state, and the manners and the language are made to correspond with the characters and the positions of the speakers. There is still so much of the eternally human preserved, that we enter into fully, and share the feelings of the actors. The passions are unchangeably the same. The whole of the happiness and of the misery of this state of things is swallowed in that dreadful, and absorbing deluge, which justly spared so few of a beautiful yet sinning race. We wish we could extract largely from the description of the deluge, horrible in its details, magnificent in its combinations.

"My eyes, dimmed with the aching heart's moisture, relieved me yet for some moments from the painful review: still could I not forbear to give another and another glance on this awful catastrophe and its attend-

ing scenes: and, ah! what a contrast to the former was that now before me!—'Twas, indeed, mankind's eldest son that came here just in view. Yes! there I saw the patriarch of nearly ten centuries wrestling with death; and alas! in a watery grave. Ah! here I could most impressively observe, how eagerly the draught of life is ever quaffed, so by the baby at earliest breathing, as by the years incumbered man; thus craved by the first and latest sigh. But thou, hoariest Gaffer Gray, hast thou not, even to full satiety, enjoyed it?—so one might deem it when thus extended even beyond mankind's latest career; but, oh, no! oh, no! if it were but for one moment's later enjoyment—see, see, him striving to inhale the latest breath of air: for this the lips are separated—for this the gaping mouth awaits once more the coming breeze. 'Twill not avail; no air can here any longer enter; for the gurgling waters closed and filled already respiration's portal; and thus closed the life-receiving chambers. Still do I see the hand thrust up—once, twice, and—no more! But, oh! you saw—ah! did I not see how, even under the water, there seemed yet still a grappling and wrestling for the boon. What boon? Oh! man, the boon of air—thy existence, thy life. He is gone! aye, he too is gone the way of all his former and future kindred flesh. Yet, oh! does not heart-aching anguish accompany the sight here in view? 'Tis not one by one, as in former days; no! oh, no! relentless death is not only sweeping but one family, even but one tribe away; oh, no! the tyrant riots in the whole harvest, not only but a sheaf, or even a rick, or stack—no! his sickle once in motion, with a vengeance mowing, lays the whole harvest prostrate. Yes! under this overwhelming assailant, there and thus perish mankind's prime generations; aye, the virgin fruit of the Adamite stem—whilst wrath and havoc strive for the mastery in the work of woe. Groans and wailings mingle with the howlings of the winds; yes, lamentations and shrieks break through the uproar of the elementary wrangle. Ah! well may 'man's heart be quaking,' when all this, associated with the remembrance of Noah's warnings, that must render their situation now more hopelessly desperate than even the already apparent events could do; for it was now evident that the prophecy would to its utmost extent be fulfilled; and thus they must then become convinced—oh horror! that now their Creator, their hitherto continual benefactor, had now turned the protecting glance from them, and thus withdrawn the saving aid and relief, aye, even now refused them the returning beam of mercy; for to death the rule and sway is unremittingly given. Behold now the grisly spectre thus stalking along his harvest fields; his scythe moving faster than even the victims may fall; for has he not the deluging skies, the gulphing earth, aye, even the howling winds for auxiliaries, and heart-rending groans along with them. And woe! woe! woe! thrice woe to the valley dwellers; thousands and thousands are there already submerged, whilst countless numbers continue still in the fluid struggling. Oh! how above and around them the air quivers and groans with the moans and shrieks of all those for life still gasping, yet irrecoverably to death ultimately devoted wretches; intermingled with the clamour of all the roaring, bellowing, and lowing herds and cattle, joined to that of all the other field and forest inhabitants, each and all for life wrestling; and alas! in vain.

"How the waves below are gurgling and dashing their notes amongst the agonizing shrieks of perishing mankind! Ah! here are tones, here are sights, here are scenes, all former and future description and belief confounding! Yet there is still life in these bitter wailings; there is still vigour, arduous vigour, in these strenuous struggles for the inappreciable boon—for life! But mark! awfully mark, how they become momentarily less—life, oh! the life of the whole globe is rapidly waning, aye, dying away; not only in the animal and vegetable reign, no! death's very

stamp and print become momentarily more and more visible: a stillness, an appalling stillness, chills your yet remaining life, whilst you still ween to hear sounds, which could only belong, and thus be watted from shores, round which departed spirits are flitting.

"Yet here and there some hills, and the tops of the highest mountains are still discernible, and thus may hope for Zemornain's safety grant."

We well know that this religiously-inspired work has its inequalities, and that many corrections are advisable; but we must judge it as a whole, and so judged, we pronounce it to be a very superior work. We recommend it earnestly to the serious and the devoutly disposed. We think that it will purify the mind and strengthen the faith. It cannot be read without leading to the best thoughts, and making the heart familiar with the justice and the ineffable power of the Almighty. It is a work calculated to make us ponder, if not to pray.

The Morea. Second Edition. To which is added, Meditations of Other Days. By Alexander Baillie Cochrane.

It is truly an invidious office to give a decided preference to any particular poetical work; but justice has some little claims to be heard, amidst the tumult of the clashing interests of literary competitors. We will despise this clamour, and say boldly at once, that these Poems are among the best that have been recently published. We find in them all the essentials of good poetry. We will speak of their humblest attribute first: the mechanism of the verse, which we find to be uniformly correct, smooth, and elegantly polished; not wanting in variety and music of cadence, and almost always admirably suited to the sense. We well know that to be a good versifier, is not necessarily to be a good poet; but we are also assured that no poet, however good, will be appreciated without being a good versifier—nor ought he: he should not despise his vehicle, and precious treasures demand more than ordinary receptacles. To Mr. Cochrane's verses the most fastidious will find nothing to object. They are not empty though beautiful caskets. They contain the outpourings of a truly poetical spirit; a spirit that must, sooner or later, exalt him above his competitors. The volume before us commences with "an address to Laura," deeply toned and energetic, over which is cast that softened shade of melancholy which poets love so much, and which is often more cherished than content, or even joy. To this immediately succeeds the principal poem, "The Morea." It will, in some parts, strongly remind the reader of Lord Byron's Childe Harold, but he will at once pronounce that this similarity is not an imitation. Mr. Cochrane has viewed nature under more gentle, perhaps more pleasing impressions than his lordship; and though we see not in these poems the blasting fire, nor hear the terrible thunder that resounds through the stanzas of Childe Harold, we have in the Morea what many will deem an equivalent, and a few, something better. The subjects treated upon in Mr. Cochrane's poem, are those which naturally present themselves to the ardent gaze of the young poet: picturesque beauty, the grand associations of history, and the sublime efforts of the ancient

patriotism. He seems deeply to have felt before he endeavoured to give wings, in golden words, to his thoughts. He rarely wavers in his flight, and whether he aspires to the starry regions, or only skims along the surface of this beautiful world—his course is always graceful and unbroken. The following is a specimen taken at random, from "The Morea," of the author's manner.

"How glorious 'tis to wander freely here;
To drink deep draughts from sweet enthusiasm's fount!
All that old classic story can endear,
Clings to each rocky valley, mead, and mount,
Enjoyments wither, even love can sear
Still more those joys which fashion's slaves recount;
But the soul glows within us as we tread
By Sparta's numbered stones, or Mantinea's dead.

Thou glorious city! rising as the sun,
Slowly and beautiful; in thy noontide ray,
Fixéd in splendour; gloomily and dun
The clouds rose at the setting of thy day:—
Greece was no more, when Sparta's course was run—
Her hills ne'er echoed to the civic fray.
Here is the battle-field; the mouldering slain,
For lingering freedom, died on Mantinea's plain.

Ay, died at Mantinea;—well, I ween,
The soft recorders, and the Dorian flute—
The gathering of the troops, the warlike mien,
When woman spake in tears—her lips were mute,
And the deep din of war, the sabre's sheen,
The warhorse' neigh, the phalanx' heavy foot,
Two stones arise within that sacred dell,
To mark where He, *Epaminondas*, fell.

Again has Tripolitza* heard the cry,
To arms!—To arms!—The warhorse' startled neigh—
The peal of the hoarse clarion, shrill and high—
The rolling drums—the beacon-fire's ray,
Glowing in radiant columns to the sky:
Like northern fires the hoarse artillery play;
The virgins' shrieks—cries of bereaved mothers—
Man against man—and brothers against brothers.

We would not have it supposed that we have selected the best stanzas upon which we could lay our hands. To do so, would be doing an injustice to the author, as it might create disappointment when the poem was perused throughout. We shall be most happy to see Mr. Cochrane in print again, and we judge that it will not be long before that happens. A beginning so excellent demands, and almost ensures, a long course of success, and we shall hail each essay as it appears with pleasure, if it but justify our predictions, as we have no doubt it will do.

* "The siege of Tripolitza, undertaken in 1821 by the Greeks, under Colocotronis, Mavrocordatos, Hypsilantis, assisted by Mr. Gordon, who proved himself on this occasion, as he did throughout the struggle, the true friend of the Greek cause."

Poor Jack. By CAPTAIN MARRYAT, C. B. With Illustrations by CLARKSON STANFIELD, R. A.

So you have come at last, Poor Jack! and the very first words you utter are, "You hav'n't got never a copper for poor Jack, your honour?" Confound your impudence, you dilatory dog! we have a great mind to say, "We have nothing for you; get to your parish, you vagabond! There are much too many of your sort taking the bread out of the mouths of better and honester men." But Poor Jack not being poor in speech, we felt inclined to hear what he had to say for himself, and when we once got into his palaver, we were so fascinated by it, that we listened attentively to the end. This story has all the gallant author's excellencies and peculiarities—is very anecdotal and very humorous. It is most remarkable for the accuracy of all its details, and being the very epitome of truth. "Poverty," it is said, "makes us acquainted with strange bedfellows." We suppose that the noble love of fame has operated like poverty upon this pleasant author, and induced him to visit those scenes of humble life, which he has so graphically described. Poor Jack is a very discursive fellow, who sees much of the world, and all that he has witnessed he well describes. His own adventures do not form the principal attraction of the story, so much as the numerous and characteristic anecdotes, and the many humorous tales that are interspersed in the volume. The whole bears the impress of life, the real and the true. Though, of course, the whole is fiction, it reads like downright, yet most interesting matter of fact. No author, perhaps, ever created so many characters, or invented so many anecdotes, yet trusted so little to the merely ideal. The Captain never dreams, either mawkishly or beautifully. He takes nature as he finds it, and as he finds, leaves it. However, he has always an especial care to select from the palpable and the true, only those matters that move, that astonish, or that please. It would be impossible for us to give an outline of the plot of a work so long; nor can we afford space sufficient to do justice to a quotation. This author always prepares his readers for the laugh that they are to enjoy, therefore a just extract must necessarily be a long one. Comparing Poor Jack with the Captain's other productions, it will be found not so good as his earlier works, yet much better than some of his later. With all its excellencies, and they are rare and many, it is very apparent that it has been knocked off too hastily. The illustrations, by Clarkson Stanfield, cannot be spoken of too highly. He has given a higher tone and a more classic elevation to this species of embellishment, which may now take its rank high among the fine arts. Yet to do it at all, must be reckoned as a great condescension on the part of Stanfield. He reminds us of Ulysses—the conqueror of armies, and the mighty in battle, who was not too proud to cast a mere stone farther than any of his competitors.

Henry of Monmouth; or, the Field of Agincourt. By MAJOR MICHEL. 3 Vols.

A good, manly work, at once soldierly and scholarly written, with not a particle of affectation about it. The bold and the impassioned language, the earnest diction, and the almost Spartan brevity of the sentences, win the confidence of the reader, and enchain his attention. We should say that the Major's principal object in these volumes was, to throw into bolder and stronger light the historical occurrences of those five years of glory of the reign of the Fifth Harry, which embrace the battle of Agincourt, its preceding and subsequent events, and to give us an insight into the domestic habits of the time. Every one knows that the civil and military operations of this period were all directed to forward the contest of our warrior-king with the house of Valois, for the sovereignty of France; and most happy are the English of the present generation that our ambitious monarch did not succeed; for, had that been the case, our country, instead of ranking, as it now does, as the first in the world, would be nothing more than a French province, governed by some supercilious and arrogant count or marquess of that not very modest nation. Major Michel has made himself a complete master of the tone of manners and the tendency of feeling of the period of which he writes, and we cannot but admire the effect with which many of his most stirring scenes are given. We consider the account of the battle of Agincourt the very best we have ever met with. We shall not trench on the plot, but give a specimen of the style, trusting that we shall often have the agreeable task of meeting the talented author on ground which he is so well qualified to occupy.

"The earl's deeply sonorous voice was heard to the utmost extremity of the lists, whilst, holding up his sword to heaven, he exclaimed,

"Before the assembled chivalry of Europe, and in face of offended heaven, I here accuse the Prince de Beauvilliers of disloyalty to the honourable order of knighthood; that he did most traitorously and forcibly abduct from the castle of Beauvais the Lady Constance de Hugueville, and keeping her against her free will, did there break the vow which he did take on his installation as knight.

"'The Lady de Hugueville has chosen me to do battle in her cause, and I here stand, defying him to mortal combat: I moreover protest, that I will use only those arms that are lawful for good knights, rejecting the power of spell, or other devilish device, and may God protect the right.'

"The prince was then led up by his sponsor to confront his accuser, who had, according to custom, delivered his challenge opposite the elevated platform on which was seated the judge of the lists. To deny the charge brought against him was useless, as there was hardly one who did not know its truth; still was Beauvilliers anxious to remove the impression which the charge of unchivalrous conduct and disloyalty to the order of knighthood might be calculated to produce. Kneeling, therefore, he swore on the Holy Evangelists, that the Lady Constance de Hugueville had consented to her own abduction, and that towards her never had discourtesy been used. Each then reined up his steed, and lowering his lance to the presence of their majesties of France, awaited the royal permission.

"At a sign from the Duke of Brabant, the heralds' voices were heard, 'To achievement, to achievement, brave knights.'

"The lances were uplifted, and each displayed the utmost grace in horsemanship, whilst his steed caracolled to the barrier.

"Never in appearance were two knights so equally matched. A few more winters, and consequent experience, had passed o'er the head of Beauvilliers, and even by the gasconading Frenchmen themselves he was acknowledged the best lance in France. On the other hand, March had been bred in a camp where individual daring and dexterity in arms was carried to a height unknown in the armies of either France or Burgundy. His cause was just; Henry of England was his sponsor; and, above all, she was beholding his deeds, for whose sake had he panted for renown, and whose beauty had lighted up his soul with ambition for honourable fame. What, then, would be the force of his arm, when, nerved by indignation, he struck to revenge her wrongs?—What would be his might?

"The knights were in their saddles—their lances in their rests—their visors down-closed—excitement was strained to its utmost pitch: when the Duke of Brabant arose. The pennon was now dropped from his hand, and 'Laissez aller' resounded through the lists.

"With tremendous crash, the Frenchman and his youthful antagonist joined in mid encounter. In a second the dust hid each from view.

"In that anxious moment, with what intensity of vision did Constance endeavour to pierce through the murky veil! Alas! poor maiden, what awful sight met thine eye when the wind dispersed the dusty cloud!—thine Edmund unhorsed—his affrighted steed tearing o'er the lists. Fear not, fair lady. Right nobly has thy champion struck. Each has unhorsed his adversary, or, rather, each horse with its rider had been overthrown. Their gleaming swords wave in the air;—'Fight on, brave knights, honour awaits you,' resounded to the sky; whilst the rival cries of St. Denis for France, St. George for merry England, evinced the sympathy of the spectators. In rapid succession blow now succeeded blow, and still no apparent advantage was gained, when Beauvilliers, thinking to finish the combat, rushed blindly forward, and aimed a tremendous stroke at the crest of the earl. March received it on his small round shield, whilst his own sword's point entered between the visor and haubeck of the prince;—he fell heavily to the earth. March in a moment was kneeling on his heart, whilst with the 'dagger of mercy' gleaming in his grasp, he exclaimed,

"'If thou wouldst live, Prince de Beauvilliers, yield thee, and confess thy falsehood. A hollow sound issued from the casque of the dying man: 'Quick, quick, a confessor,' cried the earl; 'I would not that both body and soul should perish. Give but a sign that thou hast spoken falsely, and I forgive thee.'

"The wounded man held up his hand.

"'"Tis enough,' cried the Duke of Brabant—'the judgment of God has been declared.'

"The clarions and shouts of the English now proclaimed their champion's victory."

This is pre-eminently a soldier's tale, and has been treated in the spirit of one. We do assure the gentler sex, that it is as exciting as the music of a martial band; nor is it wanting in softer and more quiet attractions. The love-scenes are sweet, yet generally mingled with a dash of spirit Altogether, we predict that this romance will make more than a sensation, and that it will be generally read, because it deserves to be so.

Adventures of Susan Hopley; or Circumstantial Evidence. **3 vols.**

This is a domestic tale of a wonderful and thrilling interest, bearing on it the stamp of much talent, and possessing a considerable degree of originality. Of course, it has to deal largely with the vices and the villanies of men, but the author never exaggerates wickedness into improbabilities, or piles horrors upon horrors absurdly, merely for the sake of effect. An air of nature and of truth runs through the whole narrative; indeed, the style of the work is so unpretending, that at once we lose the impression that we are reading fiction. The plot may thus be faintly sketched. A benevolent and rich wine-merchant of the name of Wentworth has an unprincipled but very handsome nephew (Gaveston) as his principal clerk. His talents and his personal advantages conceal the depravity of his heart, and thus involve the happiness of his master's only daughter with his fate. The good father consents to the union; but the young aspirant is not content with the disposition of the property, and then combines with a ruined gentleman of the name of Remorden, a man deep in every rascality, to murder his uncle and benefactor, and to destroy the will. Young Gaveston had been prepared for this atrocity by his previous dissolute habits. His marriage is about to take place, when Mr. Wentworth, on his return to his home being obliged to sleep on the road, is placed in an old manor-house opposite the inn, the latter being filled with guests on the occasion of a county ball. This old house is Remorden's sole remaining property. How the murder was effected is never distinctly related, nor is it necessary to the conduct of the story, or the catastrophe. He is also robbed, and the will is taken. It now becomes necessary to divert suspicion from the nephew and his accomplice; in order to do this, they persuade a paragon of rural beauty, an ambitious dairymaid in Mr. Wentworth's family, to elope from the house under very suspicious circumstances; and the favourite servant of the wine-merchant being murdered with his master, and thrown into the well, every one believes that it is he and Mabel who are the perpetrators of the deed. All this is most ingeniously managed by the author. He gives us the meeting of the magistrates, the coroner's inquest, and the other necessary forms, with graphic fidelity. Miss Wentworth being now sole heiress, after the due time spent in mourning, becomes so infatuated with her father's murderer that she marries him without settlements, or any provision for herself, or for a cousin whom she knew her father loved as a son, and for whom he had provided in the abstracted will. After the marriage the scene changes, and Gaveston appears in all his natural deformity. His arrogance to his neighbours procures him their unqualified hate and contempt, and his cruelty to his wife drives her away from her own roof. The young Henry, who, we rather think,

was destined for the hero of the novel, and somewhat unceremoniously dropped, is also driven to seek his fortunes. But Gaveston has not everything his own way. A Mr. Simpson, a partner to the amount of two shares, and the manager of the business, threatens to throw up all connexion with it, on account of great defalcations and misappropriations which he has discovered on the part of Gaveston, if he does not give him a full half of the business, and its sole direction. Sooner than be ruined, Gaveston assents to this, and then the old gentleman makes use of this power and affluence to make comfortable the wronged and discarded wife. We must now turn to the history of Mabel the dairymaid, who was spirited away in order to divert suspicion from the murderers. She is taken by Remorden, under the name of Colonel Jones, to Paris, and passed off as his niece. Her absurd ambition and her profound ignorance of the world preserve her innocence. Remorden is endeavouring to sell her to the Duke of Rochechouart. The following scene is lively and good; the lady is in the duke's box.

"'I will explain to you the argument of the piece we are about to see represented,' said the Duke to Miss Jones. 'It is called La belle Laitière, which means, the pretty milkmaid.'

"'Does it?' said Miss Jones, looking round at him.

"'Yes,' replied he, 'it does. It has been very popular here all the season; and the danseuse who performs Nina, the heroine, is extremely clever—there she is now; that's her, appearing with her milk-pails. That youth who follows her, is a shepherd who is deeply in love with her—but she disdains his suit. See, he kneels, but she is inexorable. Now observe the cavalier who enters at the back of the stage, and is watching them; that is a prince who, captivated by her charms, has come in disguise to seek her.'

"'Does he intend to marry her?' inquired Miss Jones.

"'Diable!' muttered Rochechouart. 'You will see presently,' said he. 'Now, observe, he kneels at her feet, and vows eternal love. Ah, she says, you must prove it by making me a princess.'

"'And will he?' asked Miss Jones.

"'Look; he says she shall be mistress of his heart, but that being a prince he cannot marry her.'

"'Then I wouldn't listen to a word more he has to say, if I were her,' said Miss Jones.

"'You think so,' said Rochechouart; 'but you wouldn't be able to help it.'

"'Indeed I should,' replied the young lady.

"'Not if you were in love,' said he, tenderly.

"'But I'm not in love,' answered Miss Jones.

"'That alters the case, certainly,' said the duke. 'C'est singulier,' thought he; 'elle ne resemble pas du tout aux autres femmes que j'ai connu;' and he fell into a reverie, forgetting for a time to continue his explanations.

"'He's gone,' said Miss Jones.

"'Who?' said the duke, starting.

"'The prince,' said she. 'Has she dismissed him?'

"Yes,' replied Rochechouart; 'she has sent him away discomfited; and there is the shepherd returned to try his fortune again; but she can't bring herself to listen to him.'

"'I don't wonder at it,' returned Miss Jones. 'Who would, after being made love to by a prince?'

"'I admire your sentiments,' said Rochechouart, with animation.

"'Monseigneur,' said Dillon, opening the box door. 'Voici Monsieur le Comte D'Armagnac, qui veut absolument entrer.'

"'Had you not my positive orders to admit no one?' said the duke.

"'True, Monseigneur,' said Dillon; 'mais Monsieur le Comte est peremptoire—he will take no refusal.'

"'C'est à dire, qu'il vous a glissé cinq louis dans la main,' said Rochechouart.

"'Parole d'honneur, Monseigneur!' said Dillon, laying his hand on his heart.

"'Well, I suppose he must be admitted,' said Rochechouart.

"'This is the gentleman I mentioned to you,' said the colonel to his niece. 'The Count D'Armagnac, Miss Jones.'

"D'Armagnac could not speak any English; but he was very handsome, and dressed à ravir; and if he could make no effective use of his tongue, he made amends with his eyes.

"'But, look,' said Rochechouart; 'we are forgetting the ballet all this while.'

"'There is the prince again at her feet,' said Miss Jones; 'and he has changed his dress.'

"'He hopes to be more successful in his present brilliant costume,' said Rochechouart.

"'But she's dismissing him again,' said Miss Jones. 'And, see, she's accepting the peasant after all. Then the prince won't marry her?'

"'No,' replied Rochechouart. 'He says he would if circumstances permitted; but he can't.'

"'Well, I would never have married that shepherd, with his coarse clothes and his crook, if he had knelt there for ever!' exclaimed Miss Jones.

"'To be sure not,' replied Rochechouart. 'I was sure you'd end by being in favour of the prince.'

"'I'm not in favour of the prince,' said the young lady; 'I should have blamed her much more if she had listened to him.'

"'How then?' asked Rochechouart. 'What would you have had her to do?'

"'Waited for another prince,' replied Miss Jones, glancing at D'Armagnac; 'there are more princes in the world than one.'

Of course this ends in her ruin, she being blinded by a false marriage. Now, we have as yet made no mention of the heroine, Susan Hopley. She is a housemaid, and never rises beyond that useful, and if so useful, why not honourable station, when honestly and intelligently filled? She is the heroine, however, and, to our minds a much more natural and interesting one than the far-famed Pamela, with all her second-hand airs. She is the brother of Andrew Hopley, the murdered and foully aspersed footman, who was supposed to have absconded with the dairymaid. The whole end of Susan's life is to see the memory of her brother justified, and the guilty parties discovered and punished. In her eventful vicissitudes she picks up a great deal of circumstantial evidence, and through the whole drama acts a very important, yet very natural part. We have no space to enumerate the various tricks of the rascals, and the escapes of the innocent, developed in the tale, all bearing strongly on the main point, "Circum-

stantial Evidence." Interwoven with the main story is a most affecting detail of two victims to this same circumstantial evidence. This episode, the story of the Aytouns, of itself would make an interesting and complete novel, and we do not know whether it be not the most brilliant part of these exciting volumes. Its pathos is heart-searching. We have shown the involvement of the plot, and are not going to betray the secret of its very clever *dénouement.* We assure the reader that it will more than answer his or her expectations. As to the mere style of composition of the story, it is as varied as the subject on which it treats; and that, we conceive, to be very great praise indeed. To conclude, we confidently assert that this tale possesses all the requisites which constitute delightful reading; and when it is laid down after perusal, there will remain no other sentiment with the reader than a wish that there was more of it.

Hints to Parents on the Management of Children's Teeth. By Henry K. Bellhouse, Surgeon Dentist.

The subject of this little work is one in which every parent should feel a personal interest. If the future man could speak in the child, how earnestly would he recommend this! When the number of pleasing countenances deformed by neglected or irregular teeth are beheld, it might be thought one of those evils for which there is no remedy; thanks, however, to the advanced stage of dental science, this is not the case, and Mr. Bellhouse has done our homes and hearths good service in showing that it is not. It is true, that after a certain period this evil may become irremediable, but, up to that time, it is satisfactory to know that it does admit of an easy, a safe, and an effectual counteracting process. The value of the work before us consists in its imparting that particular information which will enable parents to understand when and where the assistance is to be, and may be, afforded. Mr. Bellhouse has treated the subject so as to show his perfect acquaintance with its details. He first describes the manner in which the teeth are originally formed, then the way in which they are succeeded by those which are wisely adapted to the purposes of after life; and lastly, the means by which irregularities may be corrected, so as to ensure a perfect growth. If every parent would possess themselves of this work, they might confer a benefit on their rising offspring, which years of personal comfort in their future lives would most pleasingly and amply repay. To such we cordially recommend it.

Recollections, &c. Miscellaneous Poems. By JOHN JONAS JONSON.

We will not be so unjust to the author of these very clever poems as to take him at his own valuation. He likens them, after Sir John Harrison's simile, to a parcel of ill features, so judiciously put together, that, combined as a whole, they make a very well-favoured book, although in the details there may be found pieces likened to a low forehead, a great nose, a wide mouth, and a long visage. We have searched among his poems for types of these, and, really, they are not to be found. They are, uniformly, specimens of good taste and of correct numbers, seldom straining after originality, and therefore never stumbling into the absurd. Difficult and thrice difficult is the task of writing easy and natural reading well. Thousands who can declaim, cannot converse; and many who can blurt out sounding and heroic lines, would find it as difficult as flying to compose a short copy of really elegant verses. The following is a specimen of the author's lighter verse—it is fanciful and translucent:—

THE MERMAIDS.

"I SEE them now—but hist!
O'er the face of the waters
Those sea-born daughters
Are moving along
To the voice of song,
Enshrouded in robes of mist!

I see them now—but hist!
Mine eye is grown bolder;
I mark each white shoulder;
I see each fair bosom,
More fair than peach blossom;
Ah! sure I'm a visionist!

I see them now—but hist!
Such sweet notes are swelling,
They seem from the dwelling
Of seraph on high,
In the blue, blue sky!
Each maid is a lutanist!

I see them now—but hist!
The lute-tones are blending
With the voices ascending;
Oh! no one can tell
Of those wild notes' swell;
Not *one*, save an amorist!

I see them now—but hist!
Each lovely maiden
With bright locks laden,
In beauty is stealing,
New beauty revealing;
Oh! list to those sweet notes—list!

I see them now—but hist!
Lo! her fair long tresses
Each maiden she dresses;
Whilst sportively singing,
O'er the waves they are springing,
And in marvellous mazes twist!

I see them now—but hist!
They are calling on me
From the waves of the sea—
'Child, child of clay!
Come away! come away!
Thou canst no longer resist!'

I see them now—but hist!
I am coming, I come
To your fairy home;
I am mad with the charms,
I spring to the arms
Of the maidens with robes of mist!"

No man knows the extent of his powers until he shall have tried them; but that trial should be long, severe, and, while it lasts, unremitting. Nothing sharpens the wit more than a little poverty—not enough to numb the faculties—or, what is nearly as goading, scorn and resentment. Poverty for choice. We do not think that Mr.

Jonson is poor enough to bring out all his genius in its best lights; the following sonnet, however, is almost sufficiently good to have been produced by a very poor poet, rich in mental resources.

SONNET.—NAPOLEON IN RUSSIA.

"'Thou wagest war with me!' Thus thundering spake
The ghastly king, Genius of Winter; 'thou,
A baby-king,—a king of clayey brow!
Listen and tremble! Nations are the stake,
And *we* will play the game! What! dost thou quake?
Thou lovest not perchance to rave and vow,
And roll in misery, whilst thy warriors bow
Cold to the dust:—thy conqueror is awake!
Art *thou* a spirit of hell?—hark! so am *I!*
Thou goest forth, and hundreds, thousands fall!
I march triumphant,—*tens* of thousands lie
Breathless and still; my thunderbolts appal
The noblest—bravest. Ha! thou *canst* not fly!
Ha! ha! the game is won! I've vanquished all!'"

The poems in this neatly-produced volume are well classified, and give us an assurance that, in addition to the poetic fervour, he possesses a well-regulated mind—a mind that, in writing, never can approach an absurdity, or commit itself by a folly. If in another volume he should attempt a higher flight, and that flight prove eminently lofty and successful, it will be exactly the thing which we expected.

Nuces Philosophicæ; or, the Philosophy of Things as deduced from the Study of the Philosophy of Words. No. II.

No. II. of this very clever and original work contains much powerful writing. And although the author seems studious to conceal his *ultimate* object, we think we have caught certain glimpses from this number which seem to throw some light upon it. Etymology seems to be only the lever with which he is labouring to uplift his new system of philosophy, while he, at the same time, overturns the old. His main object seems to be to prove that human prejudices, and the miseries which have arisen from these prejudices, can be clearly shown to have their sole origin in a misconception of the nature and use of speech; and that mankind have been quarrelling for centuries about words, while they fancied they were quarrelling about things. He takes the words Bad and Good as an example. He says (and truly enough) that different people apply both these words to one and the same thing. He then asks where the umpire, "unprejudiced, belonging himself to neither party, is to be found, who is competent to decide" which is right and which wrong? His colloquist having asserted

that a barbarous condition of society is certainly a bad condition, he says—

"Very well; I do not deny it. I am quite sure I myself prefer it. I merely wish you to show your reasons for saying so—the means by which you have arrived at that conclusion—the standard by which your judgment on this point has been decided. If I mistake not, Rousseau was, at least, one who did NOT consider a state of barbarism to be so very bad. But one would suppose there could be no better judges on this subject than barbarians themselves. But go ask them. Go pluck the Arab from his steed of a hundred sires, and ask him which he prefers—his own wild and barbarous life, or ours? But deal honestly with him. Tell him how we live—or, rather, bring him hither, and let him see. Take him first to the tailor's shop; show him a dozen men, sitting neck and heels together on a board, sewing cloth, from morning till night, all the year round, and say to him—'This is the way in which *one* class of civilized men, consisting of many thousands, pass their lives.' Take him to the shoemaker's shop, and show him a dozen men sitting on a stool from morning till night, all the year round, bending over a stone which lies upon their knees, sewing *leather*, and say to him—'This is the way in which *another* class of civilized men, also consisting of many thousands, pass *their* lives.' Take him to the engineer's workshop, and show him five or six hundred men, besmeared with smoke and perspiration, and toiling from morning till night all the year round, filing, and heating, and melting, and moulding, and hammering *iron*, and say to him, 'This is the manner in which another class of civilized men, also consisting of many thousands, pass *their* lives.' Take him to the workshop of Mr. Cubitt and Mr. Seddon, and show him eight or ten hundred men arranged, rank and file, beside long rows of wooden benches, sawing and planing, and chiselling *wood*, from morning till night all the year round, and say to him, 'This is the way in which *another* class of civilized men, also consisting of many thousands, pass *their* lives.' Take him to the various shopkeepers, and show him hundreds of thin, pale, cadaverous young men and women, standing from morning till night all the year round behind certain long tables, called counters, in long dusky shops, lighted and heated, and smoked with numberless gas-lights, and say to the wild Arab, 'This is the way in which *another* class of civilized men, also consisting of many thousands, pass *their* lives.' Take him to the factories, and show him thousands of little half-naked children, imprisoned all day, and toiling from morning till night all the year round, with bent limbs, and thoughtful, anxious, care-worn looks, and say to the Barbarian, 'This is the way in which *another* class of civilized men and women, also consisting of many thousands, pass *their* childhood—that season of thoughtless *ease* and *frolic fun*.' Take him to the haunts of the pale and spectral silk-weaver, show him two or three men and women shut up in a room twelve feet square, for sixteen hours a day, all the year round, toiling with both hands and feet at once, and say to him, 'This is the way in which *another* class of civilized men and women pass *their* lives.' Take him to the coal-mines in the north, and the quicksilver mines, and the lead-mines, and show him a number of strange demon-like looking figures, emerging by hundreds out of the bowels of the earth, *within* which they toil from morning till night all the year round, breathing unwholesome damps and poisoned vapours, and every now and then a dozen or so blown out of the world by an explosion, or buried beneath falling masses of earth, and say to the uncivilized stranger, 'This is the way in which *another* class of your civilized brothers, also consisting of many thousands, pass *their* lives.' Take him into the country, and show him the

agricultural labourers, some ploughing, some sowing, some reaping, some mowing, some thrashing in the barn, but all *toiling* from morning till night all the year round, in order to keep themselves from starving, and say to the uncultivated savage, 'This is the way in which *another* class of civilized men pass their lives.' Take him to the halls and salons of our wealthy magistrates and our proud nobility, and show him three hundred people crammed into rooms not too large for fifty, respiring for hours the breath that has been already breathed two or three times over, some elbowing their way through the crowd by way of walking, some seated round a table, throwing backward and forward certain little bits of painted paper, called cards, and some jumping up and down, according to certain prescribed figures, which *they* call dancing, and somebody else calls the *poetry of motion*, (which latter phrase, not being English, nor any other language which I understand, I cannot of course translate;) —show the vulgarian Arab all this, and say, 'This is the way in which *another* class of civilized men and women, also consisting of some thousands, pass *their* lives.' Take him to the seats of learning, and show him men, shut up in little dark rooms, poring over books full of strange marks and devices, from morning till night, and say to him, 'This is the way in which *another* class of civilized men pass *their* lives.' Take him to the dispensing rooms of our medical men, and to the shops of our druggists, and say to him, 'This is the way in which *another* class of civilized men, also consisting of many thousands, pass *their* lives, viz. in compounding drugs to cure the diseases which are incidental to every class, and every age, sort, and denomination of civilized men, women, and children.' Take him to our hospitals, and show him thousands of beds, every bed containing a victim of disease—take him to our prisons, and our prison-ships, and our penal colonies, and say to him, 'This is the way in which *another* class of civilized men, consisting of hundreds of thousands, are doomed to pass a portion, at least, of *their* lives.' Take him to the graves of the buried dead—show him heaps upon heaps of mouldering bones, and say to him, 'These are the remains of *another* class of civilized men—*strangled* for a crime peculiar to civilized states —the crime of forgery.' Take him to the field of Waterloo," &c.

There is also a very curious and ingenious, and, we believe, original etymology of the word Better. But if we were to insert here all that merits insertion, we should take the whole number. It must be understood that we do not pin our faith to all that this bold and original author asserts. He is worthy of attention, and of refutation too, if he can be refuted.

Childhood, illustrated in a Selection fram the Poets. By HANNAH MARY RATHBONE.

From its nature, this work is destined to become highly popular The title tells everything about it. The compiler has well performed her duty; consequently this is a volume of treasures. Were we to expand our notice into pages, we could not make our readers more acquainted with the book before us, unless he possessed the book itself. We had intended to have made no extract; but the following

poem, of the purest and brightest ray, having caught our eye, we could not resist the pleasure of making it more generally known:

SONG OVER A CHILD.

BARRY CORNWALL.

Dream, baby, dream!
The stars are glowing.
Hear'st thou the stream?
'Tis softly flowing.
All gently glide the hours;
Above no tempest lowers:
Below are fragrant flowers
In silence growing.

Sleep, baby, sleep,
Till dawn to-morrow!
Why should'st thou weep,
Who know'st not sorrow?
Too soon come pains and fears;
Too soon a cause for tears:
So from thy future years
No sadness borrow!

Dream, baby, dream!
Thine eyelids quiver.
Know'st thou the theme
Of yon soft river?
It saith, 'Be calm, be sure,
Unfailing, gentle, pure!
So shall thy life endure,
Like mine, for ever!'"

An idea has just occurred to us that this precious little volume should have been illustrated like, and produced as, an annual. As a literary speculation it would be sure to succeed, and it is what our future men and women have a right to expect. What a handsome intellectual present it would make!

Dictionary of the Art of Printing. By William Savage, Author of "Practical Hints on Decorative Printing," &c.

We are glad to see this valuable work rapidly progressing towards completion. We have before us several numbers, all containing most interesting information. Not only will the work be a text-book for printers, but a valuable repository of knowledge for literary men generally. There is so much that is curious in the art of printing, considered as the great disseminator of learning throughout the world, that its history cannot but be instructive and interesting. From the intimate acquaintance which the author possesses with its practical details, we are satisfied the task he has undertaken could not have fallen into better hands, and we heartily congratulate Mr. Savage on the satisfactory manner in which he is proceeding with it.

Adventures of a Gentleman in Search of a Horse. By Sir GEORGE STEPHEN. Fifth Edition.

This work has hitherto been published anonymously, but its great success has induced its author, Sir George Stephen, in this fifth edition, to affix his name to it. Our readers need scarcely to be informed that it is a most useful as well as a most amusing production. The information it contains is entirely of a practical character; and whether it relate to the purchase of a bad horse, or the acquisition of a good one, the steps which lead to either are alike deduced from often-repeated and dear-bought experience. In a pursuit which is proverbially beset with chicanery, such a guide must be invaluable—and so it appears the public have thought, from the rapidity with which edition has succeeded edition. There is, besides, a novel feature in it, which Sir George Stephen's legal knowledge has enabled him most learnedly and satisfactorily to supply—an exposition of the laws of warranty. This is supported by the adjudged cases, which in each edition is brought down to the latest date. Whether for experimental or legal knowledge of the subject, we know of no work to equal it in value.

LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Who shall be greatest! By Mary Howitt. 18mo. 2*s*. 6*d*.
The Thirst for Gold. By Miss Burdon. 3 vols. post 8vo. 31*s*. 6*d*.
The Works of Josephus. Pictorial Edition. 1 vol. imp. 8vo. 25*s*.
The Annual Register for 1839. 8vo. 16*s*.
Bible Maps; a Historical and Descriptive Atlas of Scripture Geography. By W. Hughes. Folio. 7*s*. 6*d*.
Parker's Fables and Moral Maxims. New Edition. 18mo. 3*s*. 6*d*.
The East India Register and Directory for 1841. 12mo. 10*s*.
Moore's (T.) Poetical Works. Vol. III. 5*s*.
Adventures of a Gentleman in Search of a Horse. By Sir George Stephen. Fifth Edition. 12mo. 7*s*. 6*d*.
Imagination, and other Poems. By Miss Poulter. 8vo. 8*s*. 6*d*.
Washington. Par M. Guizot. 12mo. 5*s*.
Harding's Drawing-Book, 1841. Imp. 4to. 12*s*.
Corbaux's Studies of Heads. Imp. 4to. 12*s*.
Peter Priggings. Edited by T. Hook. 3 vols. post 8vo. 31*s*. 6*d*.
Bulwer's Works. Vol. XII. "Devereux." Fcap. 6*s*.
The Rev. D. Bagot on the Lord's Supper. 32mo. 1*s*. 6*d*.
Paul Periwinkle, or the Pressgang. 8vo. 21*s*.
History of Denmark, Sweden, and Norway. By Miss Corner. 12mo. 2*s*. 6*d*.
The Thousand and One Nights. Translated by E. W. Lane. Vol. III. 8vo. 28*s*.
Jones's Basket of Fragments. Fourth Edition. 12mo. 6*s*. 6*d*.
An Appeal to the British Nation on Behalf of her Sailors. By Captain Brenton. 18mo. 1*s*. 6*d*.
Clarkson's Teacher's Assistant. 12mo. 2*s*. 6*d*.
Blackstone's Public Wrongs. By James Stewart. 8vo. 18*s*.
Stewart's Stable Economy. Third Edition. Fcap. 8vo. 7*s*. 6*d*.
Schlegel's Lectures on the History of Literature. New Edition. Fcap. 7*s*.
The Rev. C. Girdlestone's Commentary on the Old Testament. Part VI. 8vo. 9*s*. Vol. III. 18*s*.
Kenrick's Egypt of Herodotus. 8vo. 12*s*.
The Sportsman in France. By Fred. Tolfrey, Esq. 2 vols. 8vo. 21*s*.
Demonstrations of Anatomy. By G. V. Ellis. 1 vol. post 8vo. 12*s*.

Elements of Obstetric Medicine. By D. D. Davis, M. D. Second Edition. 8vo. 21*s.*
Transactions of the London Electrical Society. Vol. I. 4to. 25*s.*
Schomburgck's Guiana Illustrated. Imp. folio, 4*l.* 4*s.* coloured; 2*l.* 12*s.* 6*d.* plain.
Elijah, and other Poems. Fcap. 3*s.*
Tracts of the Anglican Fathers. Vol. I. 8vo. 9*s.*
Howard's New Testament, 12mo. 3*s.*
Robinson's Scripture Characters, with Portrait and Life. 2 vols. 8vo. 21*s.*
James's Christian Father's Present. Thirteenth Edition. 12mo. 5*s.*
The Ladies' Companion to the Flower Garden. Fcap. 8vo. 6*s.*
Keightley's Elementary History of England. 12mo. 5*s.*
Scudamore's Nomenclator, or Dictionary of Scientific Terms. Post 8vo. 6*s.*
Coulson on the Hip Joint. Second Edition. 8vo. 7*s.*
Freeman and Johns's Narrative of the Persecution of the Christians at Madagascar. Second Edition. 12mo. 6*s.*
Blackstone's Commentaries. By Stewart. 4 vols. 8vo. 3*l.* 3*s.*

LITERARY NEWS—WORKS IN PROGRESS.

Sir E. L. Bulwer's new novel, "NIGHT AND MORNING," has just appeared. We understand the demand for it has been greater than for any work which has as yet been issued from the pen of its distinguished author.

Lady Chatterton's "HOME SCENES AND FOREIGN RECOLLECTIONS" are nearly ready. The success of Lady Chatterton's former work, "RAMBLES IN THE SOUTH OF IRELAND," of which a new edition has recently been published, will, doubtless, cause a great demand for this new work. The drawings from her ladyship's sketches are, we understand, very beautiful.

The Rev. W. Liddiard's "RETROSPECTION, OR THE LIGHT OF OTHER DAYS," is nearly completed, and may be expected to appear forthwith.

An interesting work, entitled "THE PROGRESS AND PROSPECTS OF SOCIETY," is on the eve of publication. We hear it spoken of as a work of great power and originality.

Sir Francis Doyle has just committed to the press a new and revised edition of his beautiful poems.

The Rev. R. Landor has nearly ready for publication a volume of Dramatic Poetry, on which he has been for some time past engaged.

The Rev. Sir. William Dunbar, Bart., has a volume of Discourses nearly ready for publication, under the title of "PULPIT RECOLLECTIONS," being a series of his sermons preached in the church of Stoke-upon-Trent.

Messrs. DEVOY AND Co., the well-known Shipping Agents, of Lower Thames Street, London, have issued a valuable guide to merchants, containing an account of the duties payable on goods imported, which all who are interested in the subject would do well to possess. Messrs. Devoy's intimate acquaintance with the Custom House regulations have enabled them to present those regulations in a very intelligible form. The frequent injury and needless expense occasioned by the want of such information will render these directions extremely valuable. They are to be obtained, *gratis*, on application to Messrs. Devoy and Co., as above.

MONTHLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Kept at Edmonton. Latitude 51° 37′ 32″ N. Longitude 3′ 51″ West of Greenwich.

The mode of keeping these registries is as follows:—At Edmonton the warmth of the day is observed by means of a thermometer exposed to the north in the shade, standing about four feet above the surface of the ground. The extreme cold of the night is ascertained by a horizontal self-registering thermometer in a similar situation. The daily range of the barometer and thermometer is known from observations made at intervals of four hours each, from eight in the morning till the same time in the evening. The weather and the direction of the wind are the result of the most frequent observations. The rain is measured every morning at eight o'clock.

1841.	Range of Ther.	Range of Barom.	Prevailing Winds.	Rain in Inches	Prevailing Weather.
Dec.					
23	30-14	30,09-30,01	N.E.		Generally clear.
24	30-19	30,09-29,98	N.E.		Generally clear.
25	33-19	30,28-30,19	N.E.		Clear.
26	31-12	30,48-30,41	S.		Cloudy, morning foggy.
27	35-25	30,48-30,44	N.E.		General overcast.
28	33-24	30,30-30,20	E.		Generally cloudy.
29	35-18	30,18-30,13	N.W.		Cloudy, a little rain fell during the evening.
30	35-19	30,24-30,15	N.		Evening cloudy, with rain, otherwise clear.
31	42-31	29,91-29,80	W.	,265	Generally clear.
Jan. 1	43-32	29,88-29,85	W.		Cloudy, a shower of rain about noon.
2	41-31	30-01-29,85	W.	,015	Clear. [wise clear.
3	37-32	29,18-29,08	W.		Morn. cloudy, with thunder and lightning, other-
4	35-21	29,22-28,94	N.	,215	Morn. clear, otherwise cloudy, snow. all the aft.
5	35-24	29,44-29,24	N.		Cloudy, snow falling nearly all the day.
6	28-20	29,55-29,46	N.E.		Clear.
7	19- 6	29,69-29,64	N.N.E.		Clear.
8	17- 1	29,78-Stat.	N.N.E.		Morn. and even. foggy, otherwise clear.
9	30- 0	29,76-29,42	S.		General cloud.
10	36-25	29,38-29,10	S.S.E.		Overcast, snow fell during the night, rain in aft.
11	37-26	29,01-28,84	S.S.E.		Morn. overcast, with rain and snow, otherw. clear.
12	35-27	29,43-29,30	S.W.	,345	Morn. cloudy, afternoon and evening clear.
13	38-20	29-38-29,28	E.		Cloudy, rain in the morn. snow in aft. and even.
14	37-33	29,33-29,28	E.		Cloudy, rain in the m. snowing from 1 till 10 P.M.
15	37-30	29,64-29,52	N.		Even. cloudy, otherwise clear, snowing dur. nt.
16	48-29	29,57-29,37	S.E.		Cloudy, raining heavily nearly all the day.
17	51-42	29,65-29,50	S.W.	1,42	Generally clear, except at noon.
18	48-42	29.70-29,68	W.	,03	Cloudy.
19	38-30	29,85-29,71	N.N.E.	,11	Morn. cloudy, with rain and snow, otherwise cl.
20	37-26	30,09-29,97	N.N.W.		After. clear, otherwise cloudy, snow in the m.
21	35-21	30,32-30,25	N.W.		Clear.
22	39-24	30,28-30,08	S.W.		Morn. clear till 10 A.M. otherwise overcast.

A storm of thunder and vivid lightning passed over this place about seven o'clock in the morning of the 3rd inst., accompanied with heavy and large hailstones; the wind which had been blowing in violent gusts two or three hours previously, ceased when the thunder storm commenced.

The very rapid thaw, together with the heavy rains of the 16th inst., raised the waters several feet above their usual level, causing considerable damage; but, happily for this neighbourhood, not to so alarming an extent as in many other parts.

Edmonton. CHARLES HENRY ADAMS.

THE COMMERCIAL RELATIONS OF THE COUNTRY.

There can be no doubt that a fresh impetus has been given to our manufacturing interests, as orders have reached the marts of our principal manufacturers to some extent from America and the European Continent. Our shipping, too, is on the increase, and the receipts of the customs are very satisfactory. We have had large importations from the East Indies of those colonial products that used to be furnished to us, almost wholly, from our West Indian possessions. The abolition of slavery may, and we hope that it does, work well for the enfranchised, but it certainly works ill for our supplies of sugar, coffee, and rum; and it is a lucky thing for us that we may so easily supply the deficiency from the East. Teas have again fallen, and we may expect them shortly to be much cheaper, as there will be a great influx of that commodity on the first opening of the Chinese trade, which may be very shortly expected. Our internal distress is our most pressing misery—and we certainly think it

entirely owing to a want of free trade in the necessaries of life. Industry now, even combined with talent, can scarcely support itself among the labouring classes. Yearly, monthly, daily, our population increases, and the ports are still closed against a supply of food. It is evident that the soil, that only badly supported seventeen millions of inhabitants, must support still worse, eighteen. When will our legislators deem that we have reached the last degree of endurance?

PRICES OF THE PUBLIC FUNDS,

On Tuesday, 26th of January.

ENGLISH STOCKS.

Bank Stock, 168 three-fourths.—Consols, 89 three-fourths.—Three per Cents. Reduced, 90 one-eighth.—Three and a Half per Cents. Reduced 99 three-fourths—Exchequer Bills, 7 to 6, pr.

FOREIGN STOCKS.

Portuguese New, Acct. 32 one-fourth.—Dutch Two and a Half per Cent., 50 one-fourth.—Portuguese Three per Cent., Acct. 20 one-half—Spanish Bonds, Account, 25 three-fourths.

Money Market.—During the last month but little fluctuation took place in the English Government Securities, excepting Bank Stock, which had and still possesses a very considerable rise, owing to some impression that has become very general, but which can be traced to no adequate authority—that all the privileges enjoyed by the bank will be secured to that establishment, for another considerable period, at the expiration of its present charter. Money, on good security, has been easily attainable, at from five to six per cent. The Share Market continues firm, and, towards the close of the month, the Birmingham, Great Western, and Southampton railroads advanced in price. Foreign securities have been nearly stationary; however, there has been depression both in the Spanish and Portuguese Stocks, low as they have been for so long a time. Every day makes it more and more apparent that there must soon be a vast reform in the circulating medium of the country, as it represents real property.

BANKRUPTS.

FROM December 22, 1840, TO January, 22, 1841, INCLUSIVE.

Dec. 22.—R. Clements, Addison-road North, Notting hill, publican.—G. Pound, Dalston, Middlesex, licensed victualler.—J. Denton, St. John-street, Clerkenwell, licensed victualler.—H. S. Pells, Norwich, linendraper.—B. Allport, Liverpool, coffee merchant.—L. Green, Cranbrook, Kent, grocer.—J. Davis, Pain's-lane, Shiffnall, Shropshire, innkeeper.—J. S. Walton, Northallerton, Yorkshire, money scrivener. E. Snook, Southampton, common brewer.—B. Wood, Chester, innkeeper.—E. Roberts, Bristol, scrivener.—G. Bayley, Bristol, Hosier.—W. P. Mann, Great Yarmouth, merchant.—T. Collett and T. Hales, Liverpool, butchers—J. Settle and A. Bentley, Leeds, flax spinners.—G. A. Cator, Leeds, wool merchant.—S. D. Leatham, Liverpool, ironmonger.

Dec. 25—T. M'Donnell, Pall-mall, boot-maker.—C. Lacy, Church-street, Hackney, butcher.—J. Adams, Vauxhall, corn-chandler.—C. Savin and E. Le Roy, Berners-street, Middlesex Hospital, artificial flower manufacturers.—R. Mason and W. R. Scott, Leeds, booksellers.—J. Wilkinson, Brymbo, Denbighshire, ironmaster.—J. Rainbow, Coventry, victualler.—W. Smalley, Liverpool, joiner.—J. L. Bell, Liverpool, linen draper.—J. C. Lockwood and C. Lockwood, Bradford, worsted spinners.—W. Marsden, Newcastle Emlyn, Carmarthenshire, banker.—E. D. Hall, Walsall, currier.—J. Dealtry, Leeds, innkeeper.—W. N. Beattie, Gosport, coal-merchant.—W. Orrell, Manchester, commission agent.

Dec. 29.—J. Jackson, Hammersmith, grocer.—T. J. Ashton, Pall-mall, tailor—J. Snufflebotham, Newcastle-under-Lyme, Staffordshire, hat manufacturer.—J. Lloyd, Beaumaris, Anglesey, tanner.—W. Richards, Northampton, pawnbroker.—R. J. Foster, Gloucester, painter.—T. Pickard, Leeds, cabinet-maker.—W. Morgan, Pill, Somersetshire, ship builder.—H. Holme, Leeds, money scrivener.—R. Drury, Penrith, banker.—J. Jordan, Leeds, cabinet-maker.—J. Cole, Old Byland, Yorkshire, cattle dealer.

Jan. 1.—W. H. Summers, Sackville-st. bill broker.—J. Strickland, T. P. Shaw, and F. Mattock, Newgate-market, cheesemongers.—J. Wood and T. Wood, Leeds, cloth manufacturers.—J. Leicester, Manchester, printer.—R. Phillips, Canterbury, machine maker—T. Treanor, Canterbury, hardwareman.—J. Austin, Broughton, Lancashire, coach proprietor.—N. Hedges, Downend, Gloucestershire, tailor.—J. Magnus, Ramsgate, linen draper.—T. Tandy, Redditch, Worcestershire, needle manufacturer.—J. Dobson, Liverpool, drysalter.—J. Moore, Bishop Wearmouth, grocer.—W. Conyer, T. Ridsdale, J. Senior, R. Stapleton, B. Turner, E. Bailey, J. Milnes, W. Maymon, R. Shaw, J. Castle, S. Oldroyd, J. Brearey, J. Denton, and A. Ellis, Batley Carr, Yorkshire, woollen and scribbling millers.—E. Bennett and J. F. Bennett, Canterbury, wine merchants.

Jan. 5.—T. E. Phillips, Tewkesbury, draper.—R. T. Terry, Bristol, ship chandler.—J. Cox, Nottingham, grocer.—J. Speden, North Shields, spirit merchant.

Jan. 8.—M. Evans, J. Evans, and T. H. Evans, Pump-row, Old-street road, paper manufacturers.—R. Perkins, Upper-street, Islington, upholsterer.—E. Lindo, Matson's Cottages, Kingsland, coal merchant.—J. Bingley, Henrietta-street, Cavendish-square, brushmaker.—T. Jackson, King's Lynn, corn merchant.—G. Wilson and J. Badger, Birmingham, victuallers.—J. Hainsworth, J. Oldroyd, J. Clegg, J. Bailey, M. Healey, and J. Bromley, jun.,

Batley Carr, Yorkshire, woollen millers.—J. Ankers, Birmingham, grocer.—H. Hindley and J. Hindley, Hallshow-moor, Lancashire, cotton spinners.—J. Higham, Birmingham, victualler.—J. Pope and J. Beech, Manchester, brushmakers.

Jan. 12.—J. M. Mills, Berkhampstead St. Peter, brewer.—H. Rawdon, York, brush manufacturer.—G. Nicholson, Manchester, baker.—J. Walker, Boughton, Cheshire, silversmith.—T. Hall, jun., Barton-upon-Humber, linendraper.—J. Blacket, Stokesley, Yorkshire, flax spinner.—A. Brown, H. Brown, and R. Brown, Liverpool, slaters and plasterers.—T. Robson, Liverpool, soap manufacturer.—R. Wilson, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, colliery owner.—D. Storm, Cardiff, builder.—J. Salter, Gloucester, builder.—S. Rogers, Newport, Monmouthshire, grocer.

Jan. 15.—J. Fearnley, Bradford, woolstapler.—A. Liddell, Fenchurch street, merchant.—R. Swan, Seymour-place, Camden-town, jeweller.—J. Phillips, High-street, Whitechapel, linen draper.—G. Dawson, Holmfirth, Yorkshire, grocer.—J. Tyrer, Birmingham, button manufacturer.—T. Payne, Bromyard, Herefordshire, victualler.—T. Cross, Cambridge, coachman.—J. Prescott, Hulme, Manchester, grocer.—G. Inston, Birmingham, builder.

Jan. 19.—E. V. Shipman, Hackney, victualler.—H. Joseph, Soho-square, artist, colourman.

W. and J. C. Bowles, Store-street, Bedford-square, upholsterers.—L. R. Beale, Marshall-street, Golden-square, packer and presser.—H. J. Reed, Marquess court, Drury-lane, victualler.—A. and W. M. Oppenheim, Mansell-street, Goodman's-fields, timber merchants.—S. S. Leak, Holt, Norfolk, milliner.—E. E. Rouse, Worcester, stationer.—R. Morris, Gloucester, coachmaker.—H. Marsden, Cellan, Cardiganshire, cattle dealer.—R. Riley, Wellesbourne, Warwickshire, corn dealer.—J. Barlow, Birmingham, brass founder.—F. Buckle, Leeds, merchant.—F. Perks, jun., Stourbridge, hatter. E. Richardson, Sunderland, merchant.—J. Waddell, Birmingham, druggist.—H. A. New, Worcester, grocer.

Jan. 22.—J. Exley, Riches-court, Lime street, merchant.—W. H Cooper and H. Ayre, Manchester, calico printers.—J. Young and G. Bentley, Wolverhampton, ironfounders.—G. Ellis, Lane-end, Stoke-upon-Trent, Staffordshire, earthenware manufacturer.—R. Bainbridge, Leeds, woolstapler and paper dealer.—J. W. Wainwright, Bridgewater, Somersetshire, builder.—W. Willis, jun., Manchester, bookseller.—J. Winks, Sheffield, iron and steel merchant.—J. R. Berry, Cambridge, wine merchant.—E. Tyler, Birch-hills, near Walsall, ironmaster.—R. Howe, Kilpin, Yorkshire, corn factor.

NEW PATENTS.

M. Berry, of Chancery Lane, Patent Agent, for certain improvements in looms for weaving. November 27th, 6 months.

J. Clay, of Cottingham, York, Gentleman, and F. Rosenborg, of Sculcoates, in the same county, Gentleman, for improvements in arranging and setting up types for printing. November 27th, 6 months.

J. Condie, Manager of the Blair Iron Works, Ayr, Scotland, for improvements in applying springs to locomotive, and railway and other carriages. November 27th, 6 months.

G. Holworthy Palmer, of Surrey Square, Civil Engineer, and C. Perkins of Mark Lane, Merchant, for improved constructions of pistons and valves for retaining and discharging liquids, gases, and steam. November 28th, 6 months.

G. Blaxland, of Greenwich, Engineer, for an improved mode of propelling ships and vessels at sea, and in navigable waters. November 28th, 2 months.

H. Bridge Cowell, of Lower Street, St. Mary, Islington, Ironmonger, for improvements in taps to be used for or in the manner of stopcocks, for the purpose of drawing off and stopping the flow of fluids. December 2nd, 6 months.

J. Robinson, of the Old Jewry, Manufacturer of Machinery, for a sugar-cane-mill of a new construction, and certain improvements applicable to sugar-cane-mills generally, and certain improvements in apparatus for making sugar. December 2nd, 6 months.

A. Horatio Simpson, of New Palace Yard, Westminster, Gentleman, for an improved machine or apparatus for working pumps. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad. December 9th, 6 months.

W. Pierce, of George Street, Adelphi, Gentleman, for improvements in the preparation of wool, both in the raw and manufactured state, by means of which the quality will be considerably improved. December 9th, 6 months.

C. Winterton Baylis, of Birmingham, Accounting House Clerk, for an improved metallic pen, to be called The Patent Flexion Pen, and an improved pen-holder. December 16th, 6 months.

G. Wildes, of the City of London, Merchant, for improvements in the manufacture of white lead. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad. December 16th, 6 months.

J. Davis, of Shoreditch, Engineer, for an improved mode of applying heat to certain steam-boilers. December 16th, 6 months.

J. Steward, of Wolverhampton, Esquire, for an improvement in the construction of piano-fortes, harpsichords, and other similar stringed musical instruments. December 16th, 6 months.

J. Molyneux, of Preston, for an improved mode of dressing flax and tow. December 16th, 6 months.

C. Botton, of Farringdon Street, Gas Engineer, for an improvement in gas meters. December 16th, 6 months.

H. Graham, of Bridport Place, Hoxton, Artisan, for a new mode of preparing designs, and dyeing the materials to be used in the weaving and manufacture of Kidderminster carpets, and for producing patterns thereon in a manner not before used or applied in the process of weaving and manufacturing such carpets. December 16th, 6 months.

J. Beathi, of Portland Place, Wandsworth Road, Lambeth, Engineer, for improvements in locomotive engines and in carriages, chairs, and wheels for use upon railways, and certain machinery for use in the construction of parts of such inventions. December 16th, 6 months.

A. Pruss D'Olszowski, of Ashley Crescent, Gentleman, for a new improved level for ascertaining the horizon, and the several degrees of inclination. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad. December 16th, 6 months.

W. Tudor Mabley, of Wellington Street, North, Mechanical Draftsman, for improvements in producing surfaces to be used for printing, embossing, or impressing. December 17th, 6 months.

A. A. Lindo, of Finsbury Circus, Gentleman, for improvements to be applied to railways and carriages thereon to prevent accidents to passengers, goods, and railway trains. December 18th, 6 months.

E. Robinson Handcock, of Birmingham, Esquire, for improvements in mechanism applicable to turn tables for changing the position of carriages upon railroads, for furniture, and other purposes. December 18th, 6 months.

R. Coles, of Southampton, Slate Merchant, for improvements in making or manufacturing tanks, and other vessels of slate, stone, marble, and other materials, and in fitting and fastening such materials together. December 23rd, 6 months.

B. Baillie, of Henry Street, Middlesex, for improvements in locks, and the fixings and fastenings thereto belonging. December 23rd, 6 months.

J. Brumwell Gregson, of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, Soda Water Manufacturer, for improvements in pigments, and in the preparation of the sulphates of iron and magnesia. December 23rd, 6 months.

F. Payne Mackelean, of Birmingham, and J. Murdoch, of Hackney Road, Civil Engineers, for certain improvements of, or belonging to tables, a portion of which is applicable to other articles of furniture. Partly communicated by a foreigner residing abroad. December 23rd, 6 months.

G. Thornton, of Brighton, Civil Engineer, for certain improvements applicable to railways, locomotive engines, and carriages. December 23rd, 6 months.

J. Dickinson, of Bedford Row, Holborn, Esquire, for certain improvements in the manufacture of paper. December 23rd, 6 months.

D. Walther, of Angel Court, Throgmorton Street, Merchant, for certain improvements in the methods of purifying vegetable and animal oils, fats, and tallows, in order to render those substances more suitable to soap-making, or for burning in lamps, or for other useful purposes; part of which improvements are also applicable to the purifying of the mineral oil or spirit, commonly called petrolium or naphtha, or coal oil, or spirit of coal tar. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad. December 23rd, 6 months.

J. Barker, of Regent Street, Artist, for improvements in gas-meters. December 23rd, 6 months.

HISTORICAL REGISTER.

On the 26th ult. our beloved Sovereign opened the Session of Parliament in person, and was received with a warm welcome by all classes. Although it was excessively dirty, all the avenues through which she passed were greatly crowded, and by more respectably looking masses than usual. If there be anything real in the

testimonies of the waving of hats and handkerchiefs, and the loudest acclamations, her popularity is unbounded. The Speech itself is of that quiet and moderate character that the nicely-balanced state of parties renders so needful. There is in it hardly anything upon which to hang a debate. It hints, however, upon two unpleasant topics—increase of taxation, and a conferring of more powers upon the poor-law commissioners, as well as continuing their functions for an indefinite period. We subjoin the Royal Speech.

"*My Lords and Gentlemen,*

"I have the satisfaction to receive from foreign Powers assurances of their friendly disposition, and of their earnest desire to maintain peace.

"The posture of affairs in the Levant had long been a cause of uneasiness, and a source of danger to the general tranquillity. With a view to avert the evils which a continuance of that state of things was calculated to occasion, I concluded with the Emperor of Austria, the King of Prussia, the Emperor of Russia, and the Sultan, a Convention intended to effect a pacification of the Levant, and maintain the integrity and independence of the Ottoman empire, and thereby to afford additional security to the peace of Europe.

"I have given directions that this convention shall be laid before you.

"I rejoice to be able to inform you, that the measures which have been adopted in execution of these engagements have been attended with signal success; and I trust that the objects which the contracting parties had in view are on the eve of being completely accomplished.

"In the course of these transactions, my naval forces have co-operated with those of the Emperor of Austria, and with the land and sea forces of the Sultan, and have displayed upon all occasions their accustomed gallantry and skill.

"Having deemed it necessary to send to the coast of China a naval and military force, to demand reparation and redress for injuries inflicted upon some of my subjects by the officers of the Emperor of China, and for indignities offered to an agent of my crown, I at the same time appointed plenipotentiaries to treat upon these matters with the Chinese Government.

"These plenipotentiaries were, by the last accounts, in negotiation with the Government of China, and it will be a source of much gratification to me, if that Government shall be induced, by its own sense of justice, to bring these matters to a speedy settlement by an amicable arrangement.

"Serious differences have arisen between Spain and Portugal about the execution of a treaty concluded by those Powers in 1835, for regulating the navigation of the Douro. But both parties have accepted my mediation, and I hope to be able to effect a reconciliation between them upon terms honourable to both.

"I have concluded with the Argentine Confederation, and with the Republic of Hayti, treaties for the suppression of the slave trade, which I have directed to be laid before you.

"*Gentlemen of the House of Commons,*

"I have directed the estimates of the year to be laid before you.

"However sensible of the importance of adhering to the principle of economy, I feel it to be my duty to recommend that adequate provision be made for the exigencies of the public service.

"*My Lords and Gentlemen,*

"Measures will be submitted to you without delay, which have for their object the more speedy and effectual administration of justice. The vital importance of this subject is sufficient to ensure for it your early and most serious consideration.

"The powers of the Commissioners appointed under the Act for the amendment of the Laws relating to the Poor expire at the termination of the present year. I feel assured that you will earnestly direct your attention to enactments which so deeply concern the interests of the community.

"It is always with entire confidence that I recur to the advice and assistance of my Parliament. I place my reliance upon your wisdom, loyalty, and patriotism; and I humbly implore Divine Providence that all your councils may be so directed as to advance the gseat interests of morality and religion, to preserve peace, and to promote by enlightened legislation the welfare and happiness of all classes of my subjects."